

The Cee-Ay

Of, By and For the Students of Columbia Academy

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NO. 7.

A CONTRAST BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND AMERICAN REVOLUTIONS.

In the vast field of historical events revolutions have often flared up. Yet from the beginning of historical records no two revolutions can be cited to have exerted a more pretentious force on the destinies of nations than the American and French revolutions. The causes of these contemporaneous revolts are not dissimilar.

The Anglo-French Wars in America are a somewhat unreckoned cause of both. It was because of these wars, that the colonies of America were taxed, not necessarily heavily but without representation and "Taxation without representation is tyranny." The last can readily be recognized as the primary cause of the American Revolution.

It is due to these wars as well as to the luxury and pomp of the monarch, that the French Government was financially prostrated. This insolvent condition of the state caused the excessive taxation which was the greatest cause of the French Revolution.

The Americans had no match to inflame their pile of tinder and explosives except their inborn love of liberty. On the contrary, the vast arsenal of French emotions was ignited by the infamous Voltaire, his brother Free-Thinkers and the "fakirs" who extended his influence.

The American proceeded with caution, but in France the unheeding statesmen rushed headlong into chaos and destruction. As a result, the nation of Joan of Arc and Hugh Capet collapsed into a mass of tangled wreckage.

With the exception of Indian warfare, the American Revolution was humanely conducted. In civilized (?) France excesses were committed right and left. There were revolutions within the revolution and bloodshed on all sides.

The patriots brought the American revolt to a successful close, but could the revolution of the "Reign of Terror" and "White Terror" which ended in the Bonaparte regime, be called a success? It was in a sense: it established French equality before the law; it conferred other political benefits; but—it put Napoleon in power, the man of destiny, and the man of ages, the united shadow of Caesar and Hannibal, but outshading both. Through him, though really after its close, it shook Europe to its very foundations. Mighty Germany vanished and reappeared as a new nation. Age old

thrones tottered and all was unstable, all except the Church of God.

From the ashes of the American Revolution there arose a nation, that was to become the greatest of nations, a nation that gathered strength while sheltered from the greedy conqueror's hand by the smoke and turmoil of her French sister.

From the ashes of the French revolution limped a new France which was firmly established only after two more revolts. And in the meantime ashes and cinders from the heap had sifted themselves over Europe and seared deeply.

—James Donohue, '24.

FROM SOLOMON'S CHAIR. (A Cereal.)

Blessed is he who does not blow a brass horn for his room mate shall enjoy tranquility.

Speaking of rough houses among students, the fault is not with the faculty, but with the students, with the underlings of the Pierian spring.

The bass horn player furnishes an apt illustration of what is meant. You are sitting crouched over your desk, drinking in the romantically interesting accounts of the split-infinitive and the binomial theorem. Occasionally you pause to smooth down your fretful locks with a comb kept on your desk for such emergencies. Sun beams are playing over you book, while a sugar throated robin singing in a tree top starts a series of comparisons through your mind, likening a penitentiary to a boarding school. Mind, this all happens in a fraction of a second. Perhaps a sweet sixteen adorned in her spring furs and chaperoned by a poodle dog that missed his last Saturday's Turkish bath, passes by, causing distraction.

You resume your study of the ancients; determined to glue your eyes to the book until the bell clangs.

Suddenly you are startled. A noise, a deep thundering noise breaks your study. It is issuing from the next room.

The pictures and pennants hanging to the starboard of your room commence a series of oriental dancing about. You glide noiselessly through your room and opening the door, protrude your head into the corridor. Looking up and down the corridor you discern at the far end of the corridor several of the profs with their heads protruded too, in

apparent wondering.

The noise continues. It sounds like the head soloist in a Ringling's parade. The prof ambles down the room and gives a rap on the door. The noise suddenly stops, the falling of the horn is heard and the students scramble to an ambushade.

Verily, a student's companions should be selected. He should pause before moving into a corridor, if the roomers are unknown to him.
—Hol-Stem.

H-O-M-E.

It matters little where we are
Whether on land or on the sea
If 'twixt Home and us there's no bar
We are quite sure content to be.

As we plod along the weary,
Saddening, tearful way of life
 Oft-times we feel so dreary
 And try to labor against this strife.

Thus very soon our thoughts return
Back to the loved ones at Home.
Then in our hearts that love will
burn
Yearning and longing for Home.

And as we think of it longer
Thither our steps soon will turn
Wond'ring how when we were
younger
We left it; great lessons to learn.

Yesterday we hoped for fame,
To-day it came within our sight;
We know not how to get the same,
Tomorrow it has left in flight.

This lesson soon did we master,
Clearer than the light of the day,
That life is not all one laughter,
Lamenting is heard 'long the way
—Joseph P. Tritz, '22.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Miss Ann Barrett, sister, and Miss Catherine Barrett, cousin of James, journeyed from Janesville, Wisconsin, to spend Saturday and Sunday with him here.

John Drew, a student of two years ago, surprised his old friends last Sunday by appearing on the campus. We were glad to note that John is in much better health than of old.

The collection which was taken up for the church to be built on the spot of our Lord's bloody sweat amounted to \$25.90—not bad for being taken so unawares, we think. It was taken by the table prefects, Armstrong's table lead with \$3.40, and Kople's and Hanrahan's tied for second, each having \$2.10.

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Editorial

Who can help but notice the numerous improvements being made about Columbia this spring. Things are certainly "looking up", as it were.

It just seems as if, after the name Columbia was re-carved on the stone over the front door a few weeks ago, everything started bestirring itself and taking on a new aspect.

First it was the painting of the front entrance hall. Who could possibly disagree with us when we say it is most beautifully done.

Not content with that, our good business manager is certainly giving everything a good going over. Windows replaced, frames painted and remodeled, floors refinished, and oh; there is to be a new roof too.

And in the Athletic Department! talk about a full equipment for all branches of sports, we certainly have it, and if we haven't it as yet, we're rapidly getting it.

The new baseball uniforms, the track equipment and the attention given to the fields are all speedily bringing this institution of ours on a par with the best in the West.

We are hoping that those responsible for this never have cause to regret it's being done, and they won't if we, the student body co-operate with them in the furthering of this great work. Let all take off their hats to our Athletic director and Business Manager.

—J. M. S.

COMMERCIALISM IN ATHLETICS.

What would be more repugnant than the thought that Colleges have athletics for advertisign purposes? If the reader will think over the present day situation, he will appreciate the fact that this is being done throughout our own United States. It is true that many schools are gaining his cheap popularity, while twice as many are striving for it.

Now, it is my purpose to devote this article to the telling of the measures taken by the Big Ten Universities, to check this.

About a month ago a meeting was held in Chicago, presided over by President Kaufmann, of the University of Minnesota. The meeting was held partially to bring back school spirit.

It is commonly known or should be that Athletics were introduced into the school to develop College Spirit, and to give the students an opportunity to develop their bodies. As it is now neither of these purposes are meeting their requirements.

President Kaulmann stated that there were two evils in Athletics. They are, first:—The Tramp Athlete; That is one who goes from one school to another; the team having the best team, being his choice. Where is the College spirit there?

The second of these evils is the approaching of High School athletes by the Alumni of Universities, and making offers and special inducements. Now as the teams are picked and tried, please tell me how the student gets a chance to build up his body.

It is Mr. Kaufmann's idea, that the Big Ten eliminate the Championships. Each school is so intense to win the Championship that many prizes are offered to the athlete to play. We here at Columbia are in unison with the feelings of the Big Ten, when we start the Class games and meets.

This noon, one of our Faculty gave us a splendid definition of the true sportsman—A gentleman in Athletics. Let us all prove that the spirit of Columbia is the best, by being True Sportsmen—Real gentlemen in Athletics!

—T. E. Brennan, '23.

HOME.

I left my little country Home,
In quest of mad adventure;
The city mocked my hopes to dust
And filled my dreams with censure.

It taught me, men are much alike;
That time so quickly flying;
That nothing matters in the world
As much as holy dying.

And so I left my city home
In quest of peace unending;
And found it in my mother's nest
Where all hearts find a mending.

—Edward McPartland, '22

THE FISH POND

Danny (Glancing at "Hol-Stem" Article of last week's Issue): "Who the deuce is Holstein?"

Donovan: "Say, Breen, you're making me lose my patience."
Red Armstrong: "Whathe'—You a Doctor?"

Ossy: "Say, Powers, why is a young man's eye like a bird?"

Frank: "You think of some of the darndest things, Leo."

Nightibus Darkibus
No traorum
Fncibus climibus
Pantibus torum.

—J. K.

Appropriate Music.

Dentist, about to make an extraction, singing blithely, "The Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming."

DEFINITION OF A CAKE EATER.

It is something that is cute and neat,
A very small tie, new dogs on his feet,

A part in his hair, pants pressed so,
Keys in his pockets instead of dough.
A small black derby, a cute pair of spats,

Goes to a dance, thinks he's the cats.
He stands on the floor like a lilly so pure,

Some silly girl comes along and says "Sure".

She thinks he's so lovely and so refined,

They board a street-car, she pays the dime.

Listen, Girls! You may like their ties,

But always remember your mothers married regular guys.

—"Nick Van", '24.

WHAT IS A TRUE SPORTSMAN?

This question has often been asked and many people undoubtedly think that they have given the best definition of a true sport. The writer is not among these and merely gives an opinion.

In the world today are certain codes of laws which are followed by gentlemen, of their own free will, and not under compulsion. Among these laws are justice, consideration for others, politeness and respect for authority. These laws or rather principles are the ones which I think should be exercised by all engaged in athletics. This would bring about a truer appreciation of real sportsmanship, and a better feeling among the contestants.

These are the principles that I believe every person who professes to practice sportsmanship should follow and my definition of a true sportsman would be, "A GENTLEMAN IN ATHLETICS."

—Phillip Schrempf, '22.

ATHLETICS

ACADEMY LOSES TO EAST DUB.

The Academy team was defeated by the East Dubuque Independents in a six-inning game, after the Varsity defeated the State Teachers, Saturday afternoon. The Academy made a few Bobbles due to the difference of the field. Forkenbrock started on the mound, but was relieved in the second inning, by Ray Nevins. Pitcher Cornelius, of the Independents, was the outstanding star.

Academy, 2—	Ab.	R.	H.	A.	Po.	E.
Kopei, ss	3	0	1	3	2	1
Lassance, c	1	0	0	1	0	1
Hutchinson, 2b	3	0	0	3	1	0
O'Connor, lf	3	1	1	0	0	0
Lynch, rf	2	1	0	0	1	0
Noonan, 3b	3	0	1	1	2	
Martin, 1b	3	0	0	0	9	0
Nevins, cf, p	3	0	0	0	1	2
Forkenbrock, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
Kellogg, cf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Goerd, cf	2	0	1	0	2	0

Totals	24	2	4	8	18	6
East Dubuquen Independents, 6—						
	Ab.	R.	H.	A.	Po.	E.
Meister, 3b	3	1	1	2	2	0
Fluhry, 2b	4	1	1	0	1	4
Schwieger, c	3	1	1	5	5	0
Schumer, lf	2	1	0	0	2	0
Cornelius, p	2	0	1	0	1	0
Ryan, cf	2	0	0	0	2	0
Farley, 1b	3	1	0	0	5	0
Maguire, ss	3	0	0	1	0	0
Frankland, rf	3	1	0	0	0	0

Totals 25 6 4 8 18 4
Struck out. By Cornelius—4.
Bases on balls, off Forkenbrock, 2, off Nevins 2, off Cornelius 3.
Hits, off Forkenbrock 2, off Nevins, 2 off Cornelius 4.
Score by innings—1 2 3 4 5 6
East Dubuque 2 3 1 0 0 0
Columbia 0 0 0 1 0 1
Time: 1 Hr. 15 min.
Umpire: Plass.

—A. L.

IOWA STATE TEACHERS, 3; COLUMBIA, 9; SAT, APRIL 22.

Columbia—	R.	H.	E.
Long, ss	1	1	0
McDonough, 3b	2	2	0
Noonan, rf	2	3	0
Murray, c	1	2	0
Blake, lf	1	0	0
McCauley, cf	0	1	0
Choquette, p	0	1	0
Sutton, 2b	1	1	0
Bertsch, 1b	1	0	0

State Teachers—	R.	H.	E.
James, 1b	1	2	0
Black, ss	0	2	0
Rider, cf	0	0	1
Roeder, rf	0	1	0
Walters, lf	0	0	0
Henry, c	0	0	0
Dickensen, p	1	0	1
De Nieu, 3b	0	1	1
Ranson, 2b	1	0	0

! 3 6 3
Summary—Three base hit, Noon-

an. Two base hits, Murry, McCauley, Choquette, Roeder. Wild pitches, Dickinson 2; Choquette, 1. Hit by pitcher—Dickinson, 1. Struck out—By Choquette, 7; Kerndt, 1; Dickinson, 4. Bases on balls—Off Dickinson, 3. Of Choquette, 7. Umpire—Plass.

ARMOUR, 3; COLUMBIA, 2; THURSDAY, APRIL 20.

Columbia—	R.	H.	E.
Long, ss	0	0	0
McDonough, 3b	1	1	1
Noonan, rf	0	0	0
Murray, c	1	1	3
Blake, lf	0	1	0
Choquette, cf	0	0	0
Sutton, 2b	0	2	1
Bertsch, 1b	0	0	0
McCauley, p	0	0	0

Totals	2	5	5
Armour—	R.	H.	E.
Rowe, 2b	1	0	0
O'Brien, cf	1	0	0
Schumacher, 3b	0	0	0
Walsch, 1b	0	1	0
Desmond, rf	0	0	0
Burke, lf	0	1	0
Rewalt, ss	0	0	0
Plocar, c	1	1	0
Andre, p	0	0	0

Totals 3 3 0
Summary—Three base hits, Murry, Sutton. Strike-outs by McCauley 16, by Andre 6. Bases on balls—Off McCauley, 7; off Andre, 4; Gilbertson, 2. Game called 3:30 p. m. Double play—Rowe to Walsch. Time of game: 1 hr., 50 inutes. Umpire, Plass, Dubuque 3-I League. Scorer, Holloway.

—K. Coleman, '23.

OUR ATHLETIC HALL OF FAME.

Harry Hughes '10.

Hughes made a record any college pitcher could be proud of. It will be an honor to old St. Joseph's. In the last three games he pitched for his Alma Mater against three of the best colleges in the country, he struck out 37 men, and gave but eight hits. His success was largely due to his ready receiver, Betz, whose work behind the bat was excellent. His best game was against Des Moines 'U', when he pitched a no run, one hit game. Harry won this game in the eighth when he scored the man ahead of him with a triple for the first run, and scored the second run himself.

Hughes struck out 61 batters in 6 games. He held Iowa 'U' to three hits and struck out 11 Hawkeye sluggers. He also had 14 strike-out to his credit in the Notre Dame-S. J. C. game.

St. Joseph's record for 1910, with Hughes as pitcher is:

S. J. C.	2
Iowa U'	1
S. J. C.	2
DES MOINES	0
S. J. C.	0

NOTRE DAME 2

From St. Joseph's College he went to Waterloo of the central league. From there he went to San Francisco, where he was traded to Los Angeles, where he now is. We wish him success and hope that he may go higher in faster company, preferably the Chicago White Sox. Good Luck HARRY.

THE HONOR ROLL. Maxima cum laude.

Joseph Morrissey
John Cacek
Clarence Ferring
Jerome Prendergast
James Donohue
Ralph Lassance
John Plamondon
Joseph Triuz
Raymond Wageman
Edward Keating
Albert Bartos
Luke Faber
Carl Hoare
Peter Morgan
Byrne O'Malley
Clarence Breitbach
Theodore Blong
Louis Franke
Mark Gavin
John Beadle
Michael Martin
Bernard Schilling
Paul Schreck

Cum Laude.

Leo Meyer
Charles McParland
Gerald O'Connor
Orestes Schulte
Thomas Carr
James Meyers
Hermitas Ross
Lee Sprenglemeyer
Leo Oswald
Francis Bettendorf
Carl Zake
Mariano Falgui
Francis Boesch
Joseph Glennon
Joseph Kellogg
John McCloskey
Louis McParland
Carl Stevenson
Erwin Lussan
John Kearns
Alois Ahlers
Larry Naber
Herman Dietz
William Hartford
Bernard Herbers
Edmund Meyer
John Rettenmeier
Augustine Lynch
Clement Schmitt
John Farnan

TO ONE WHO IS GONE.

I'm glad that you will never know
The tears that flow so free,
Who loved you in the long ago
So fondly tenderly.

Oh, I am glad that you are gone
Beyond the blue, blue skies;
I could not have you see revealed,
The sorrow in my eyes.

—Joseph Colby, '23.

THE WORST PREDICAMENT I WAS EVER IN.

People talk about "When a feller needs a friend". We find usual cases of this every day for no day passes but that we need a friend. But our story deals with an unusual case.

William Shakespeare's way of expressing "Comedy" was, "A happening which ends favorably to the hero or heroine." And at just this juncture William and I disagree. Furthermore, had anyone walked up to me and told that that of which I am about relate was a comedy, because I had come forth unscathed I——. But of that later. Here is my tale, and I leave it to the good judgment of my reader, if it was or wasn't comical—for me.

It was four years ago last summer that I was in the country for vacation. I was staying with my grandfather and grandmother, who resided in a small town—Brighton by name—in Illinois, about 30 miles from St. Louis.

In this said town lived three boys of about my own age, with whom I used to play. There were no theaters there, of course, nor were there many other sources of entertainment. But there were ways to enjoy ourselves, and there I learned to ride horseback, and many other traits and tricks a city lad misses. Our chief delight however, was to steal apples. Neither I nor any other boy in our "bunch" ever wanted for apples at granddad's, because he owned an immense orchard. But, oh, how sweet and mellow were those that we could steal from some neighboring farm! And indeed we ravaged all orchards for miles around.

On this particular afternoon about which our story deals, it was very sultry. The sky was overcast with a dark cloud, and it was hot. Oh, it was so hot that one of our "bunch" volunteered that it was too hot to live. We lived through it however, and soon arrived at our destination—the same being an orchard of a particularly "stingy" farmer. Into the orchard we proceeded, but not before we were informed by one fellow that our friend the farmer owned a very ugly tempered bull-dog did we go.

Any "copped" apple is good, but the ones lying on the ground are better. And I assert that apples on the trees are best. We must needs have the best, but every one of us was "leary" about going into the tree to shake down the best. After some deliberation I took the job, and soon I was shaking for all I was worth. (Here I insert a correction: I was shaking the tree for all I was worth.)

I was tired from my work and it seemed I had shaken enough apples to fill a barrel. But my colleagues were nowhere near satisfied with our raid and demanded more. So after a short breathing spell, I set in once more.

Whether we were deaf or not, I cannot say; but I saw a sight that froze me to the branch upon which I was standing. About a hundred yards away from us came Mr. Farmer and friend doggie. Oh, but he was a pretty sight, to me. Yes, particularly because I had heard that bull-dogs had a knack of tearing clothes off people they had treed—and surely I was treed. I did manage to shout to my friends to run, and they responded with a will. But alas for poor me, for I had just landed on all fours, on the ground, and my English friend was coming straight for me, instigated by his master's cries of "Sic 'em Prince!!"

Now I ask you, what chance had I, with this demon only 20 yards away? My friends were safe outside the orchard, and were going for the fence.

I've never been so bold as to say I am quick witted, but for the thing I did now I give myself credit as a strategist. I turned, as the dog came on, started to clap my hands and shout "Sic 'em." The dog saw my boy friend fleeing in the direction I was pointing, and provoked by my yells of "Sic 'em", he passed by me, and made for my fleeing partners in crime.

My worst predicament was at the time when the dog came abreast of me. The predicament passed, but I leave it to you if it was at all comical.

—W. G. Scherer, '22.

KAMPUS KWIBS.

Are you in favor of having a student's Steamboat Excursion this spring?

The students should have a steamboat excursion because of the novelty it affords those who are far removed from navigable waters, except during the school year. Then too, it is a varied recreation that departs from the usual routine.

—A Faculty Member.

I most certainly am, but I won't be there unless there are plenty of life preservers, you know how good I am in the water.

—"J. Ed'ard McPartland", '23.

Yes, I'm in favor of it. It is a very pleasant experience to view the towering bluffs, and the beautiful scenery that bound in the "Father of the Waters". It will be a novelty for those who do not live near navigable streams. Besides, it will live in the memory of all of us.

—William G. Scherer, '23.

Yes, the majority of the other schools in the city have had excursions in the past so I do not see why our school should be an exception.

—Gerald O'Connor, '24.

Yes sir. I think an excursion should be altogether fitting and proper to alleviate the minds of the students from their strenuous studying for the past months.

—Elmer Wise, '25.

ST. JOSEPH HALL AT NIGHT.

The sun has fallen low in distant west;
St. Joseph Hall assumes the robe of night;
The campus breathes the atmosphere of rest;
The cross alone reflects the lingering light.

The toil of days its feverish hurry ends;

Assembly halls and class-rooms seem forlorn;

God's blessed sleep on weary minds descends

To hearten efforts that await the morn.

Reflect upon this thought as you arise:

That ONE waits through the dreary night alone.

His friends neglect Him and His love despise,

Though angels kneel adoring at His throne.

—L. H. and X. Z., '22.

"MY FIRST CIGAR."

'Twas just around the smoker,
One glorious springtime day.

Far o'er the hills the sinking sun,
Pursued his westward way.

And in my safe seclusion

Removed from all the jar

And din of earth's confusion,

I smoked my first cigar.

How bright my wondrous fancies,

Whirled in a smoke screen blue!

My eyes grew dim, my head grew light,

The "smoker" 'round me flew.

Dark night closed in around me,

Black night without a star.

I could not die, I knew not why.

It was my first cigar.

Since then I've stood in reckless ways,

I've dared what men can dare.

I've mocked at danger, waled with death,

I've laughed at pain and care.

Life has no danger great or small

Death may be near or far.

But no frowning fate, again can make

Me smoke my first cigar.

—Charles Kilcrease, '22.

THE CHAPEL CROSS AT EVE.

The sun sinks as a golden ball;

The stars peep from the sky;

The twinkling lights of Loras Hall

In envy seem to vie.

The chapel cross, with gilded arms,

Retains the lingering light,

As if to catch the pilgrim's gaze

And guide his steps aright.

It stands there, pointing to the sky;

Chr'st's triumph over sin,

And emblematic of the love

He had for foe and kin.

It crowns St. Joseph hall with Faith;

It was, indeed, God-sent

To mark the place where we may find

The Blessed Sacrament.

—X. Z., '22.